A modest Vindication of the Earl of Shaftsbury: *In a Letter to a Friend concerning his being Elected King of* Poland.

AT a time when the eyes of all *Europe* are directed towards the event of our present Affairs; At such a time as this when the Ballance of our publick safety seems so equally pois'd, that it is hard to guess in which scale lies our happiness, or Ruine: I think it my duty, as an honest man, a true Subject to the Government I live under, and a Friend to Truth; to give you (since you so earnestly have requested it) my just and impartial Sentiments of our present condition, as it particularly relates to the Earl of *Shaftsbury* now under confinment in the *Tower*.

This Great Man, (I cannot but call him so) this immediate first mover (as some would have it) of all the dreadful Revolutions that perhaps of late years have seem'd to threaten us, will nevertheless appear to you by the following Relation which I am to give you of him, a Man as very extraordinary in his Abilities, so no lesse wonderful for his Vertue. Not to mention his unshaken Obedience to every Goverment he has been concerned in, or lived under; his steady adherance to every Religion that has but hopes to be establish'd; his unwearied endeavours for the restauration of the publick Peace in the time of our late unhappy Troubles; his admirable Counsils all along for the improvement of the common Good of the Kingdom; the Honour and Safety of the Monarchy, the Success of our Arms, and the Overthrow of our Enemies.

His Obedience to the Government is sufficiently evident, in so much that That never chang'd, but He did: His endeavours for publick Peace are emineatly notorious; for in the late Civil War (in spight of all Obligations of Honour and Loyalty to the contrary) he forsook the King, and carry'd over his Regiment to the Parliament, on purpose as much as in him lay to weaken the Royal Cause, and by the ruine of that, to bring that War to an end, that no more Rebel Blood might be shed, though the great *Martyrs* veins were drein'd afterward without Mercie.

So much then he acted for publick Peace, but what he has advised for publick Good would fill a Volumn up: who can enough comemorate the shutting up of the *Exchequer* to put the King out of Debt? The breaking of the Triple League to prevent the growth of *France*, the dividing the Fleet that we might be sure to beat the *Dutch*, though in the end it cost us a Victory; yet certainly his meaning and foresight in it, was to preserve the Shipping, and the tender Lives of the Subjects.

Then for the Honour and Safety of the Monarchy; none so sincere, so steady and so faithful as he hath been: for the Honour of the King, witness his late Speech in Parliament, afterwards printed, and burnt by the common *Hangman* for the safety of the King; witness the cause of his present Imprisonment; But for the publick safety, what honours he has slighted, what promotions neglected, will appear in the following relation, which certainly the World will never question the truth of, since the main of it hath been taken from his own mouth, that perfect *Index* of his Heart, and Oracle of Truth.

In a late Paper, printed for the vindication of this matchless Patriot, the Reader will find many and extraordinary instances of preferments and honours, which this Noble Peer has wav'd and refus'd rather than suffer himself to be brib'd from the Interest of the common Good: But what he has meerly lost in tender pity and compassion, this poor Kingdom of *England*, and its true Protestant Religion, ought to be remembred, as long as there is a Sceptre sway'd in *Poland*, or the *Turk* unconverted.

I suppose there are very few in this Kingdom that do not very sensibly remember the late *Interregnum* in *Poland*: How many illustrious *Candidates* stood fair

for the Elections; *Sobietski* indeed had done great things for that people, he had kept their Potent Enemy the Turk, from entring any farther upon their Frontiers; was great and popular in the effeem and love of the beſt Army that perhaps they ever had, but that was by much too little to entitle him to the Succeſſion on the Throne; it appearing abſolutely the intereſt of that Nation, that the Great *Turk* was not only to be beaten, he muſt in ſhort too be converted, and who ſo fit for ſuch an Enterprize, as he that next ſhould be promoted to the Regal Authority? One that from the high place he was to poſſeſs, might not only Adminiſter Juſtice to them, but Salvation to the greateſt part of *Aſia*.

To find out ſuch a Spirit, one fit for ſo great and extraordinary an undertaking, you may imagine the wiſe Diet omitted no diligence: the Conſtitutions of all the Government in *Europe* were lookt into, as they ſtood Qualified both in Church and State; and whence was it ſo proper to expect a Law-giver, ſuch an Oracle as they then wanted, but from the beſt model'd Government, and beſt diſciplin'd Church in the World? Therefore, upon ſtrict inquiry, *France* appearing too Deſpotick, *Spain* too uncertain and irregular, *Holland* abſolutely Antimonarchical, and few or no Cheeſe-mongers in it fit to make a Monarch of, *Germany* too near 'em; and that if once they ventur'd upon a King from thence, The Emperour upon every like occaſion, might be impoſing one thread-bare Prince or other upon them to eaſe his own people: For you muſt note, that in *Germany*, Princes are Quartered upon Provinces, as Regiments were in *England* upon Corporations in the time of Rebellion, and are indeed the great Grievance of the Countrey.

Upon theſe conſiderations, you may imagine, Quickly the eyes of the whole Diet were caſt upon little *England*, and there upon whom ſo ſoon as the little Earl of *Shaftsbury*; *Poliſh* Deputies were immediately ſent Poſt *incognito* with the Imperial Crown and Scepter in a Cloak-bag to him. Old *Blood* ſmelt it from *Biſhops-gate-ſtreet* where they allighted to his Lodging; and had it not been for an old Acquaintance and ancient Friendſhip between King *Anthony* the Elect (for now I muſt call him ſo) and himſelf, I am credibly informed he had laid an Ambuſh for it at the *Cock* Alehouſe by *Temple Bar*, where ſome thirty indigent Bullies were eating ſtuft Beef *Helter Skelter* at his charge, on purpoſe to ſtand by, and aſſiſt him in carrying off the Booty.

But Heaven, which I hope has ordained that no Crown ſhall ever ſuffer damage for King *Anthony's* ſake, took care to preſerve this; For the ſiniſter Deſigns of the old *Iriſh* Crown-monger being yet to be doubted, this preſent Prince as I am told having try'd and fitted it to his head, carefully ſent it back again by a truſty Meſſenger, concealed in the hulk or ſhell of a *Holland* Cheeſe taken aſunder meerly for that purpoſe, and cemented together again by an Art, fit for no man to know but a King Preſumptive of *Poland*.

All things thus prepared; his Election being carryed in the Dyet ſo unanimouſly and ſo *nemine contradicente*, that no man to this hour ever heard of it but himſelf, it is not be imagined how this little *Grigg* was tranſported with the thoughts of growing into a *Leviathan* he fancy'd himſelf the *Picture* before *Hobb's* Commonwealth already, nay he ſtopt up his Tap as I am told on purpoſe that his Dropſy might ſwell him bigg enough for His Majeſty, and of a ſodden grew ſo utter an Enemy to all Republicks and Antimonarchical Conſtitutions, that from that hour he premeditated and laid the foundation of a worſe Speech than that famous one which he utter'd once in our *Engliſh* Senate, Entituled *Delenda eſt Carthago*.

But now upon deliberate and weighty conſideration of the great Charge he was to undertake, many difficulties and of an extraordinary nature ſeemed to ariſe, A proteſtant King being Elected to a popiſh Kingdom great were the Debats within himſelf which way he was to ſteer his Courſe in the Adminiſtration of his Government, ſo as to diſcharge his Conſcience, as well in reſpect of the Caſe in cumbent upon him of the Souls of his people, as of the protection of their properties and perſons.

The *Great Turk*, you have heard before, was to be converted; Now to bring so Mighty a Potentate over to the Church of *Rome*, seem'd utterly destructive of the *Protestant* Interest, which he has always been so violent a Champion for: Therefore it is resolved, *Protestant*, and *True Protestant*, the *Ottomon* Emperour must be, or nothing. But how (when that was done) to establish the same Church in his own Dominions? there was the great Question. Whereupon, after due Consideration, he resolved at his taking Possession of that Throne, which stood gaping for him, to carry over from hence such *Ministers*, both of Church and State, as might be proper to advise, assist and support him, in a Design so pious, though so difficult.

Immediatly therefore he proceeds to the drawing a *Scheme* of the whole Ministry of his Government; and in a large Scrowl, whereon was indorsed in Text Letters this Magnificent Title, *Arcana Imperii* Polonienſii *ſub Regno Auguſtiſſimi Principis* Anthonii Aſhlei *primi Dei Gratia iſſius Populi Regis* &c. was contained a List of all the great Officers of the Crown, and of his Houſhold, which (according to the best light I could get into the matter) was as follows:

Seigniore *Roberto Howardensko* — Our Chancellour.
—·—·—*Eskriskski*, — Our Treasurer.

Slalberigund Kentelaus, *Tarſallan Huntingtonierkow*, *Jalonxien Greyoski*, *Whiggund Awits* — Privy Councellors, and Lords of our Bed-Chamber.

Loyallin Mordantaiko, — Admiral of Our Fleet, at present unde an Embargo.

Braggardo Maclesfeildowski, *and his two Sons*, — Generals of Our Army.

Thomazo Armſtrongeyland, — Captain of a Troop of tolerated *Banderti* to raiſe Arbitrary Contributions.

Seigniori *Newportoski*, — Comptroller of Our Houſhold, and Maſter of *Our* Ceremonies, to ſhew his Civility on one hand, and his Juſtice on the other

Fidello Portereuski, — Firſt Groom of our *Bed* Chamber, though we ſuſpect him for little beter than a Spy to the Pope.

Rich. Cooling and his friend *W. Herbert*, — Secretaries of State.
Tom Merry, — Clerk of the Council.
Suffolkin Felsonaiko, ſurnamed *the Clown*, — Maſters of the Horſe and Dog whippers by turns.

Boobyan Bridgeswand, *Slowebero Poſtewowitz*, — Conceal'd Politicians and Counſellours under the Character and Livery of Our Chair-men.

Don *Stephano Volpenieſſer*, — Another under the diſguiſe of a Foot man, but deſigned Paymaſter of Our Army.

Prince *Pretty man perkinoski*, — Our Adopted Heir, becauſe a litle wiſer then Our own Son, and deſigned to be offered to the Dyet for Our Succeſſor; His preſent Imployment (together with the aſſiſtance of the Princeſs his Siſter) is, to cure the *plica*, or *King's Evill* of this Country, in caſe Our own *Majeſty* ſhould fail of that vertue.

Slingbeski Betheliski, — Chief Heads man of *Warſaw*.
Franciſco Turnſpitanski: — Eſquire of Our *Body*, in caſe he will promiſe not to ſell his place.

The Valiant *Ruſſillans*, — Captain of Our Guards, and Knight of the Halter, a new Order to be inſtituted at Our Coronation, *Ca-*

Cappellanoffle Grandi,	Intended *Vice-Roy* of the first Kingdom our General shall Conquer.
Madona la Bella Crostiña,	Lady Abbesses for two protestant Nunneries, to be established for the use of Us and our Ministers.
poultweginda la prude,	
Everardo Fitz-hemeriske,	To write Libels against Us by Our own Consent, to bring Us into favour with Our people.
Jean Drydenuriziz,	Our poet Laureat for writing panegyricks upon *Oliver Cromwel*, and Libels against his present Master King *Charles II* of *England*.
Tom. Shadweriski,	His Deputy.
Sodomko Fanshawiski,	Designed Our Ambassador to the Grand Seignour with a present of protestant handsom boys in order to his Conversion.

This was the best account I could possibly get of the matter: There were indeed a great many more nominated to Offices and Preferments; but not being able to gain a perfect Catalogue of them, I have contented my self with barely a recital of such things as upon my own knowledge I dare recommend to the world for Truth; and that, to the best of my remembrance, *I* have exactly observed in the foregoing Relation.

But in the very height of all this expectation, one night as his Majesty Elect lay musing in his bed, restless with the thoughts and expectation of the approaching Empire, there appeared to him by the light of a Lamp that was burning in his Chamber, a dreadful and most monstrous Vision; the Shape and Figure of it was very Confused and Irregular; sometimes it look'd like the Whore of *Babylon*, naked, and of immense nudities; Presently, in the twinkling of an eye, the Form was changed and it appeared like a Justice of peace strangled by a Crew of Ruffians, who afterwards ran him thorow the Body with his own Sword, that it might be thought he hanged himself; Of a sudden it was alter'd again, and seemed a Troop of Pilgrims, armed with *Black-bills*, that came from the Lord knows whence, landed the Lord knows where, and are gone the Lord knows whither: His Majesty seeing it vary so often, and so terribly, (calling up all the Faith he had to his assistance) boldly demanded, *In the Name of* &c. *what art Thou?* Instantly, after a terrible Clap of Thunder, attended with several flashes of Lightening, it contracted it self into the shape of a Doctor of *Salamanca*, and in an hideous tone cried, *I am* PDOT; *Woe to* England: *Farwel till* 98. and vanished. No sooner was it gone, but a stupid amazement seized upon the Majesty of *Poland*, and cast him into a deep sleep, where he lay till morning; when awakening, he found himself stript of all the high and aspiring thoughts that before had filled his mind: Pity and Compassion towards his Native-Country cooled utterly his Ambition; and from that moment he laid by all thoughts of Converting the *Turk*, and resolved to stay at home for the Confounding the *Popish* party.

Thus has this good Earl (for now he is no more his Majesty again) refused the greatest Promotion that perhaps any Subject of *England* was ever raised to, meerly to stand in a Gap here, and stay the plague that was coming upon us.

Sir, what Justification of him may be gathered from the Truth of this, and his present condition, *I* leave to you better Judgment, and subscribe my self

Your humble Servant, *&c.*

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